the case ? Patience and conciliation would bring about matters better than violence.

Adieu until I write from Fontainebleau. How different that place will appear to what it was when *I* was there with the Court in 1786!

Fontainebleau, April xzth, 1797.

I have settled myself in pleasant lodgings until the expiration of my month's exile. The spring is backward, but the forest, which is dreadfully cut up, even hacked as it is and without leaves, is charming.

The day before yesterday I walked about the Valorin, where the views of the Seine are noble; and yesterday to the long ridge of rocks south of the town, where poor Marie Antoinette had a wide road made along the summit, and the whole eminence planted with maritime pines. To-day I strolled about Thomesy, a large village situated in an elbow of the Seine, environed on three sides by the forest. The vineyards there produce the finest Chasselas grapes, which are sent daily down

the river to Paris. On the opposite side of the Seme rises a lofty rocky mountain, covered with